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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and forty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected, interesting and valuable features, and much valuable information. It is read in many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$200 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 6 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication or at various news-rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given to advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MAHONIE LODGE, No. 93, N. E., O. P.—William H. Thomas, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY; Richard Gardner, President; Thomas Fieldhouse, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings of each month.

LEEDWOLD LODGE, No. 11, N. E., O. P.—Benjamin C. Phillips, Chancellor; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain George A. Wilecox; Everett L. Gorham, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CASINO, No. 167, M. W. A. A.—A. A. Page, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Pecker, Clerk; Meets 2d and last Tuesday evenings of each month.

Local Matters.

Child Study.

Last evening (Friday) was given the first of a series of five lectures on the development of the child under the direction of the state board of education. The hall of the Calvert school will be occupied for this course every Friday evening for the next four weeks and as the lectures are open to the public without charge the attendance should be large. The course will, undoubtedly, be of interest to every person who takes thought of the development of children. The lecturer last evening was Miss Abby L. Martlett of the Providence Manual Training School who had for her subject "Physical Development of the Child." The topics for the remaining lectures are as follows:

Friday, March 29—"Intellectual Development of the Child," by Professor H. B. Knox.

Thursday, April 4—"Moral Development of the Child," by Professor C. E. Dennis of the Brown University.

Friday, April 12—"Principles of Moral Training," by H. D. Hervey, superintendent of public schools of Pawtucket.

Friday, April 19—"Practical Results of a Child Study," by Isaac O. Winslow, principal of the Federal Street Grammar school, Providence.

Fire Destroys Shed.

Shortly after 9 o'clock Monday evening a still alarm was struck, shortly followed by an alarm from Box 32. For some reason the box number got mixed and struck 32 once or twice. As a consequence part of the apparatus fastened to the old city hall and another part went to Box 32 on Hazard avenue.

The fire was in an old building on Coddington street at the rear of the First Methodist Church on Marlboro street and was burning briskly when the apparatus arrived. The structure was owned by Miss Gertrude A. Peabody and had been unoccupied for some time, being too old to be of any real value. The fire made rapid headway through the dry wood and the building was pretty thoroughly gutted, but the flames did not communicate with the adjoining property.

There was no insurance on the building. The cause of the fire has not yet been definitely decided.

The business meetings of the board of health will hereafter be held on Wednesday evenings. Quite a lengthy session was held last Wednesday evening, being the first of the new board.

Measles and mumps are quite prevalent among the apprentices at the Naval Training Station, and a number of the boys have been removed to the Newport Hospital for treatment.

A number of the friends of Mr. P. H. Morgan gave him a surprise party at his residence on Broadway Monday evening, on the occasion of his birthday.

Mr. B. Hammett Seabury, of Springfield, Mass., who has been the guest of his father, Hon. T. Munford Seabury, has returned to his home.

Work has been begun on the new emergency ward at the Newport Hospital.

Considering Long Wharf.

The Long wharf question was pretty thoroughly thrashed out at a public meeting in the rooms of the Newport Business Men's Association Wednesday evening. The attendance was not very large but those that were present took considerable interest in the question and it was the sense of the meeting that the city council should at once take steps to improve Long wharf. Two engineers, Captain Joseph P. Cotton and Mr. William H. Lawton, both of whom have prepared plans for a widening and improvement of the wharf, were present and explained their plans, and as one plan called for the improvement of the south side and the other for the north side, they afforded ample opportunity for discussion. The number present included business men, city officers, and professional men, all of whom evinced much interest in the project.

The meeting was under the direction of the committee on public improvement of the Business Men's Association, Col. William P. Sheffield, Jr., presided and called the meeting to order. He explained how the question of Long wharf was closely connected with the question of adequate terminal facilities and stated that the longer the matter was delayed the harder it would be of accomplishment.

Mr. William H. Lawton, the civil engineer who drew the plans for the Long wharf commission which was legislated out of office at the beginning of the year, explained the plans that he had drawn and that had met with the approval of the commission. His plan contemplated the improvement of the south side of the wharf by removing the buildings now on that side and constructing a bulkhead which should make a width of 57 feet with a 40 foot roadway. There would be a 6 foot side walk on the north side, an 11 foot side walk on the south side and a promenade along the water front. The estimated cost of the plan is \$13,215.

The property that would have to be secured is owned by D. W. Sheehan, Geo. H. Richardson, A. K. Sherman, M. McDonough, Patrick Hunt and Patrick H. Morgan. The grade would be practically the same as now.

Captain J. P. Cotton had prepared plans when the matter was being agitated before and his ideas contemplated the improvement of the north side of the wharf. He thought the grade must be raised in any event. He proposes to construct a 60 foot roadway from just below Thames to Washington street, condensing all the property on the north side and also securing the property on the south side. This plan, he said, would give the railroad a chance to build an accessible depot on the wharf. He was not prepared to give figures of the expense of such an undertaking but said that the assessed valuation of land and buildings was about \$80,000.

A general discussion of the question followed. Mr. Charles E. Hammatt believed that as the title to all Long wharf property is so very much in doubt the proper way to straighten it out would be to condemn the land.

Judge Baker thought that \$80,000 was a small estimate of the cost of the property on the north side; he believed it would be nearer \$100,000. A number of gentlemen spoke, all of whom were in favor of the project. A few believed that the south side would be the side to improve, but the majority seemed to be in favor of wiping out the old buildings on the north.

At the conclusion of the remarks it was voted to be the sense of the meeting that the city council should inaugurate a movement for the improvement of Long wharf.

"The Ladies of Cranford" was given in the Channing Parlors Thursday evening by members of the Helping Hand Society of the church. Notwithstanding the severe storm the audience was fairly good and the performance may be considered a success.

On Sunday evening, March 31st, the two lodges of Odd Fellows in this city, Rhode Island, No. 12, and Excelsior, No. 49, will attend church at the Thames Street M. E. church, at the invitation of the pastor, Rev. C. H. Smith.

The quarterly meeting of the Methodist Social Union will be held with the Portsmouth church on Monday evening next. The meeting was to have been held last Thursday evening, but the storm caused postponement.

The storm Wednesday and Thursday brought some much needed rain but the quantity needed would mean a very wet spring. The amount of water that has fallen hardly makes an impression on the ponds.

Funeral services for the late Uriah D. Curran, who died on Friday of last week, were held from his late residence on Bath road, Sunday afternoon, and were attended by the various societies of which he was a member.

Police Officer Crowley has been confined to his house by illness.

N. E. Order of Protection.

The annual meeting of this organization was held in Providence on Wednesday, Grand Warden Charles S. Goddard of this city presiding. The reports of the Grand Warden and other grand officers were read, showing the Order to be in a most flourishing condition. From the report of the Grand Secretary it was shown that the Order has made the remarkable gain of 14 per cent, the past year. The net gain in members was 172, making the membership in the State 1482, January 1st, carrying \$2,280,000 insurance, an increase of \$223,000 over the past year. Since then enough members have been added to bring the number up to fifteen hundred. During the past year 20 deaths occurred, carrying \$27,000 insurance. One new lodge was instituted the past year at Central Falls, Little Thru Lodge, No. 364.

The officers for the ensuing year are:

Grand Warden—Alfred E. Henry, of Providence.

Grand Vice Warden—Robert W. Sydall, of Pawtucket.

Grand Secretary—Charles H. Mathewson, of Providence.

Grand Treasurer—Alonzo E. Pierce, of Pawtucket.

Grand Chaplain—Jennie B. Weeks, of Providence.

Grand Guide—S. E. Weller, of Auburn.

Grand Guardian—John A. Haslam, of Providence.

Grand Sentinel—David F. Sherwood, of Providence.

Grand Trustees—Amos R. Smith, of Providence.

Grand Inspector—Inezogene T. Polsey, of Pawtucket; Albert E. Franklin, of Auburn.

Supreme Representative, life membership—Charles S. Goddard, of Newport.

Supreme Representative for two years—William F. Worrell, of Woonsocket.

Alternate—Edna Cole, of Providence.

Junior Past Grand Warden—Charles S. Goddard, of Newport.

Grand Warden Charles S. Goddard presented, in behalf of the Grand Lodge, a Past Grand Warden's badge to Past Grand Warden William M. Lee.

At the close of the meeting a Past Grand Warden's jewel was presented to the retiring Grand Warden, Charles S. Goddard.

Grand Warden Goddard presented the grand lodge two handsome gavels and a baton made from old oak taken from the timber of the Seventh Day Baptist church in Newport, built in 1729. He also presented another set of gavels and baton made from the same material to be given as a prize to the lodge making the largest net gain in membership in the next six months.

These donations were received with a vote of thanks to the generous donor.

The school committee and the special committee from the city council met Monday evening to consider the addition to the Townsend Industrial School. The sum of \$18,000 will be expended in order to take advantage of the Cotes' bequest for a chair of natural science. A sub-committee from the school board, consisting of Messrs. Bachelder, Stevens, Cottrell, Sheffield, and Perry was appointed and Councilman Ward was elected chairman of the joint committee from the city council and the school board. The committee voted to accept the plans of Andrews & Withers for the addition.

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The curve of the street railway in front of the city hall has given much trouble this spring by allowing the cars to drop off the rails at frequent intervals. Last Sunday evening a car of the Island road left the rails at that point and, thanks to the advice of a large number of people who gathered there, was replaced on the rails within a few hours.

Men have been engaged in repairing this spot this week and no more trouble is anticipated. When a car left the rails the relief gang could generally discover its location by the trolley pole sticking up through the mud.

"Sunset Ridge," on Ridge road, the property of Hon. Seth Low, will be sold at public auction in New York some time next month. The property is a valuable one, located on a pleasant spot, and is taxed for \$50,000. During the life of the late A. A. Low, who built the residence, it was occupied every season, but his son, Hon. Seth Low, has never occupied it, renting the property when opportunity offered.

Quite a delegation from Newport attended the St. Patrick's Day celebration in Fall River last Saturday afternoon. A detachment of regulars from Fort Adams, without arms, and the Robert Emmet Guards of this city marched in the parade.

The members of the new board of health, elected at the recent meeting of the city council, have qualified.

The board organized last Saturday evening by the election of Dr. Christopher F. Barker as chairman and Dr. S. Parker Cottrell as secretary.

The storm Wednesday and Thursday brought some much needed rain but the quantity needed would mean a very wet spring. The amount of water that has fallen hardly makes an impression on the ponds.

Wednesday was the twentieth day of March, the first day of spring, and the bells were rung at six o'clock for the first time. Two weeks from tomorrow will be Easter Sunday. Summer will be upon us before we know it.

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Police Officer Crowley has been confined to his house by illness.

Recent Deaths.

Professor Alonzo Williams.

After an illness of many weeks, Professor Alonzo Williams of Brown University died at his home in Providence on Saturday last. He was born in the town of Foster in 1812 and was entirely a self-made man. His early education was obtained at such times as was possible while he performed his work as a mill operative. He volunteered for the civil war as a private, returned as a lieutenant, and immediately resumed his studies, graduating from East Greenwich Academy and later from Brown University. He was for five years professor of Greek, Latin and German at the Friends' School and since 1878 had filled a professorship at Brown University.

Professor Williams has held many important positions in various organizations and institutions. He was an eloquent speaker and was presiding officer at many gatherings. He was prominent in politics and in affairs of the Grand Army, having been commander of the Department of Rhode Island and having filled various offices in the National Encampment.

He leaves a widow and three children, one of whom, Captain Alonzo Roger Williams, served as first lieutenant in the Rhode Island Regiment in the war with Spain.

Henry R. Barker.

Ex-Mayor Henry R. Barker of Providence, whose sudden death at his home on Sunday last surprised and痛心了 his many friends, was a son of the late William C. Barker, a native of this city. The family had figured in Rhode Island affairs since the settlement of the colony, having first appeared in Newport in 1638. Mr. Barker had served two terms as mayor of Providence and several terms in the board of aldermen and common council, having been president of each board. He was president of the Providence Mutual Insurance Company and was a prominent Mason and a veteran of the civil war.

John Feeney.

In the death of John Feeney, which occurred last Saturday evening at his home on Lee avenue, Newport loses one of her staunchest friends among the Irish-Americans of this city. While ever faithful to his native land, he was ever a devoted adherent to the principles of his adopted country. He had many acquaintances, and, with him, acquaintance was quick to ripen into friendship. Kind and loyal to his friends, devoted to his family, attentive and painstaking at his work, Mr. Feeney had all the qualities which go to make an honored citizen.

Death came as a severe shock to his many friends. He had been seriously ill but a few days, but his health had not been good for a considerable time. Mr. Feeney was born in Ireland, but by far the greater part of his life had been spent in this city, whether he had come at an early age. He was a gardener by trade and was employed in that capacity by Thomas Galvin for over 40 years. He was a member of Court of Pride of the City, F. of A. He leaves a widow and five children.

Funeral services were held at his late residence Monday morning, and at St. Mary's church a high mass of repose was held for the repose of his soul. The services were attended by a large number of relatives and friends and by Court of Pride of the City, Foresters of America, and the like.

Mrs. Stephen B. Congdon.

Mrs. Sarah S. Congdon died at her residence in Middletown on Tuesday. She had been ill for some time but was thought to be on the road to recovery. A sudden turn for the worse resulted in her death. Mrs. Congdon was a most estimable woman and had many friends, both in this city and among the residents of the Island. She was the wife of Mr. Stephen B. Congdon.

Funeral services were held at her husband's residence in Alley road yesterday afternoon and were attended by a large number of relatives and friends.

Dr. William F. Channing.

Dr. William F. Channing, a son of the late Dr. William Ellery Channing, died in Boston on Tuesday afternoon. He was born in Boston about 51 years ago.

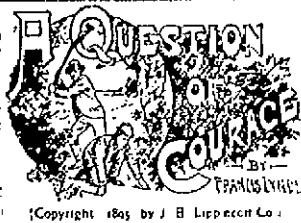
Although a physician by profession, Dr. Channing never practised medicine, but the field of invention has been greatly enriched by his life work. He was the inventor of the fire alarm telegraph, the marine railway, and a score of appliances for use in medical electricity. He wrote the first books ever published on medical electricity, and spent much time in experimentation in this line. The hand-receiver for the telephone, now in general use, was his invention, the Bell Company having brought it from him.

During the abolition movement Dr. Channing was a leader among the agitators, and stood shoulder to shoulder in prominent participation with Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, William Loyal Garrison and others.

Dr. Channing formerly spent his

summers on this island, owning a residence on Easton's Point. He also owned the farm "Oaklawn" in Portsmouth.

Philip S



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XI.

THE BUILDING OF A STAIR.

Good resolutions, hacked by whatever plea of advisability or necessity, are not always certain to bear fruit after their bud. When Ringbrand flung himself down beside the log to wait for the dawn, he fully intended keeping awake in order to take advantage of the earliest light for the beginning of the new endeavor. So ran the alert determination; but he who watches may not lie quietly with closed eyes, and when Ringbrand sprang to his feet out of a sound sleep the morning was far advanced.

Reproaching himself remorsefully for his want of vigilance, he recalled the details of the plan which had suggested itself in the night, and went immediately to work. He first ascertained half the length of the log by measuring it with the rope, and with the dimension thus obtained he gauged the varying width of the cavern until he found a point where the walls approached each other so nearly as to make the intervening space correspond exactly with his measurement.

The next step was to cut the log into two pieces of equal length, and, dragging it out into the better light under the aperture, he narrowly missed throwing it down upon another package of food similar to the one found in the same spot on the previous morning. It was a welcome surprise, and he stopped work long enough to devour the hard corn-bread and greasy bacon, thinking that the daintiest breakfast ever brought him by the well-trained waiter in the grill-room of his New York club had not been eaten with a keener relish.

"It must be the woman," he soliloquized; "it can't be anyone else; and if these fellows have put their devilish plot in motion I'll get no more rations from that source, because they were to send her away to-day. After all, though, I don't know as it makes much differ-



He hoisted the other piece of wood after him.
ence; if another night finds me still in this hole I shan't care much what becomes of me."

Putting the shadow of despondency into words had the effect of defining it, and he shook it off resolutely. "That'll never do; there must be no ifs ands about it; I've just got to get out of here while this daylight lasts."

He swallowed the last mouthful of bread and fell to work again, beginning to cut a groove around the middle of the log by incessant and careful strokes of the pick. In turning the piece of timber, he saw where the mountaineer's shot had plowed a deep furrow in it, and he knew then that the bruise on his arm had been made by the gleaming and half-spent bullet. He scarcely heeded the grim reminder, and as he bent patiently to his work he thought how quickly the school of privation and hardship begins to impress its lessons of indifference upon the mind.

The sharpest discouragement is sometimes a blessing in disguise. The shock of the fall and the apparent failure of his carefully laid plan seemed to inspire Ringbrand with an energy born of despair. Struggling to his feet, and gathering new courage from the thought that the other end of the rope was still fastened to the remaining round in the upper shadows, he lashed the stick that had failed to the end to which the pick was attached, and climbed once more to the perch in the twilight under the roof. Fired with an enthusiasm which banished all thought of fatigue, he soon had the swaying log in his grasp again, and after a moment of critical poising the last step was wedged into its place and driven securely home by a few blows with the pick. Without waiting to test its stability, he swung up to the frail staging, drew the pick up after him, and balanced himself for the attack upon the roof. Just at this juncture the thought suddenly came to him that he had built his holder upon the mere supposition that the roof was as safe as it was, and an awful fear that instead of yielding earth he might encounter a huge boulder almost unrooted him. There was no time for hesitation, however, and, summoning all his strength, he swung the pick upward, giving a glad cry of relief and a hearty "Thank God!" when the iron tore a great hole through the thin covering, bringing down a shower of earth and pebbles upon him, and letting the blessed light of day into the gloomy shadows of the pit.

A minute later he was standing, half-primed and breathless, but heart whole and thankful, upon the firm turf of the mountain top; and, pausing only long enough to get his bearings, he set off at a quick trot toward Tregarthen, taking a straight course through the forest and keeping the direction by the red glow of the sunset.

... may be too short for the next piece; and that won't do. Let me see; I wonder if I couldn't dig a little step for the tower end."

He was on his feet again in a moment, picking a shallow hole in the soft sandstone. The expedient answered the purpose, and when the log was adjusted he tried it, first by littles and then by climbing up and jumping upon it. It held, and he forgot his aches and pains in the exultant joy of success.

"That demonstrates it! If I can fit one, I can fit the others. And I'll get the hang of it presently, so I can work faster. It oughtn't to take more than six of these to carry me to the top; six, or possibly seven"—scouring the cleft above him—"and I've got five hours or such a matter to do it in. At that rate it'll be dark when I get back to Ludlow's; but that won't matter. An hour will give me all the time I want to Tom's, and we can figure safely up to ten o'clock." Then the folly of planning so far ahead while he was still in a prison for two days and a half had resisted all his efforts to break it struck him like the rebuke of a taskmaster, and he sat down from the log with a mild imprecation pointed at his own vagaries. "That's just like me," he muttered, "sending my imagination across the river before the bridge is even planned. Work is the word, you speculative idiot! Do you hear that? Work!"

To his great astonishment, the word seemed to bring an answer from the upper world, and he ran to the other end of the cavern to listen. The hallo was repeated, and he answered it with all the strength of his lungs; once again he heard the cry, but this time it was fainter, and after that the silence was undisturbed. Alive to the importance of utilizing every moment of time, Ringbrand returned to his work; but the expiring glimmer of the hope raised by the answering shout left a feeling of depression which would have unmoved him had he known that one of the searching miners had actually looked down into the cavern at the moment when he was climbing down from the first step of his problematical stair.

Fitting the first round of the ladder from the solid standing ground offered by the bottom of the cave was much easier than the adjustment of the second, but Ringbrand had his plans well thought out now, and he worked carefully and methodically, saving the precious moments in every possible way.

Climbing to a seat upon the round already placed, he hoisted the other piece of wood after him by means of the rope; and, balancing upon the precarious footing, he succeeded after many cautious trials in hewing out a resting place for the second step in his stairway. With the fixing of this round, however, the difficulties immediately doubled, because the subsequent steps must be fitted each from the slight scaffolding afforded by the other. Making a final trip to the floor of the cavern, Ringbrand tied one end of the rope to the pick, and, carrying the other end with him, he ascended and fastened it to the first piece of wood. Then, climbing to the second, he repeated the former operation, dislodging the lower round by gentle upward blows with the swinging pick and drawing it up until he could grasp and raise it to a point still higher in the cavern.

"It's something more than luck, Tom," replied Ringbrand, slicing his face in the basin; "it's Providence, or else I shouldn't be here to tell about it."

"Have you thought of any plan to checkpoint the scoundrels?"

"I have, and it needs your help. As soon as I've had something to eat we'll drive up to 'The Laurels,' and then you may open those valises and get me a whole clean outfit—the black suit with the cutaway will do."

He got out of his soiled clothing hurriedly, throwing the different articles all about the trim room and hastily recounting the story of his capture, imprisonment and escape, and concluded by giving an outline of the plot against the Latimers as set forth in the conversation between the two men in the cave.

"Great heavens! but it's lucky you overheard that talk," ejaculated Ludlow, pausing in his aimless search among the contents of the traveling-bags.

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"I think it won't be necessary—can't you find that suit? You see, there'll be four of us, and if you can manage to capture the one who is to hold the horses. I think the colonel and Henry and myself will be good for the other two. I had thought of suggesting something like this: They will leave the horses in the grove at the left of the avenue, and you can post yourself where you can slip up and surprise your man. Then the others will proceed to fire the house—probably at the front, retreating to the cover of the clump of laurels to await developments. For the sake of having a clear case of arson against them, I thought it would be best to wait until they had actually started the fire, and while they are doing this I can get behind the laurels and the colonel and Henry can prepare to cover the men with their rifles as they retreat. At the proper moment I can show myself and demand a surrender, and we'll have them pretty well surrounded."

Ludlow rose from his knees and proceeded to dump the contents of the valises upon the bed, whistling softly to himself as he did so. "The scheme's as clear as diluted daylight, and it's worthy of a graduate of Scotland Yard," he said. "There's only one point that's a little misty; you've given yourself a part that'll ask for a heap of downright cold-blooded nerve, Hugh. What have you done with your respects and traditions of inherent cowardice, and the like?"

"Left them in the hole up on the mountain, I hope," replied Ringbrand, struggling into the clothing handed him by Ludlow. "Anyway, that's just what I want to find out. On two occasions within the last three days I have managed to scare up courage enough to stand up to danger like a man, but the conditions were such as would have made a rabbit turn and fight. What I want to know now is if the inspiration were merely an exaggeration of the instinct of self-defense, or if I really did gain a victory."

"Well, you're certainly in a fair way to settle the question if you carry out your programme. Has it occurred to you that your calm demand will probably be answered with a couple of rifle-balls?"

"I've thought of that, but I mean to take the chances—if I don't weaken and make a failure of the whole affair."

Ringbrand completed his hasty toilet, and they went down to the din-

ing-room, where Mrs. Ludlow was waiting to serve the returned wanderer. He took his accustomed place and made a ravenous onslaught upon the hastily prepared supper that astonished and gratified the sympathizing hostess.

"How dreadfully hungry you were!" she said, calling Aunt Minnie to replenish the empty bread-plate. "haven't you had anything to eat all these days?"

"Not very much, I'll tell you all about it the first chance I get."

"Are you going away to-night?" she asked, when Ludlow went out to hitch up the horse.

"Yes; we are going up to 'The Laurels,' and it may be late before we get back."

"I'm so glad! If you're going there, I'll be good and not ask a single question—until to-morrow."

"Why are you glad?"

"Because Hester is worried, and I want her to know you are alive and well."

They heard Ludlow drive out to the gate, and Ringbrand pushed back his chair. "Have you anything else to tell me?" he asked.

She shook her head with pensive energy. "Not a single, solitary word—except that you're to give my love to Doctor."

"I'll certainly do that," he promised. "Good night." And he ran down the walk and sprang into the phaeton beside Ludlow, who drove off rapidly up the mountain road.

The colonel and his son were sitting on the veranda when the phaeton turned into the avenue, and Hester, gazing silently in the darkness of her room, heard Ringbrand's voice answering the hearty welcome of her father. She ran to the staircase, stopped a moment to regain her self-control, and then went down to meet him. They had all gone into the parlor, and when she followed them Hester felt for a swift instant that the whole world might read her secret in her face. Ringbrand rose to meet her, and took her extended hand in both of his. "I told you good-by for some purpose after all, didn't I, Miss Hester?" he said, smiling.

"I should think you did," she answered, reproachfully. "Where in the world have you been? And what makes you look so thin and pale?"

"I tumbled into a hole on the mountain," he explained, and, leading her to a chair, he seated himself beside her and recounted his adventures, carefully suppressing all mention of the Byrums, and leaving her to suppose that he had simply met with an accident.

"I should think you would have been starved almost to death," she said, pityingly. "How was it that some of the men didn't find you?"

Ringbrand had heard nothing of the search party, and she told him of the efforts that had been made to find out what had become of him. When she told how the men had scoured the plateau, shouting, he remembered the cry that had reached him just as he had placed the first round of the ladder, and he held her attention with a graphic description of the sudden hope and its disappointment, while Ludlow took the colonel aside and told him of the intended attack. Ringbrand saw the look of grim determination come into the eyes of the elder Latimer, and a moment later Ludlow came over and began to talk to Hester, while the colonel and his son left the room. When they came back the conversation became general, and Ringbrand was glad of this, for he felt that the one thing impossible under the circumstances was a tête-à-tête with Hester.

After a little, the colonel suggested to his daughter that she retire, adding that they had a little matter of business to talk about that would keep them up awhile longer. She went willingly enough, being in a beatific frame of mind which would have made her obedient to a much more unreasonable request, and when they heard the door of her room close behind her they drew their chairs together, and Ringbrand gave a rapid outline of his plan for the capture of the marauders.

Upon hearing it, Col. Latimer turned at once because of the danger attending Ringbrand's part in the undertaking; but he acquiesced finally when Ludlow added the weight of his advice, and the young man glanced gratefully at his friend for the timely assistance. When the details were arranged, and Ringbrand had appealed to Henry not to fire unless it became plainly necessary, the colonel spoke again: "In that condition in the cave, Mr. Ringbrand, put on your Lappet to break any thing that might blow, any light on this?"—handing a soiled and greasy note to the young man.

Ringbrand unfolded it and spelled out the contents penciled in crabbed characters scrawled irregularly across the sheet.

"Here Mis ester," it ran, "hit must be a heep biter of you loud not to stay on the mountin two nite spose you go down T ludlos for a spyley friend."

"Where did this come from?" he asked.

"That's what's a-puzzlin' us. Hester found it wrapped round a piece of flint rock lyin' on the floor of her room this afternoon, and she reckoned somebody'd th'own it in at the window."

"I think I know who wrote it," said Ringbrand, reflectively, recalling the words of the conspirators. "One of them asked: 'How about the girl?' and the other replied: 'Needsn't mind about her; she'll look out for herself,' and then he added: 'I shouldn't wonder if Jed would be glad enough to take care of her if she'll allow it.' Jed is the one who will hold the horses, I believe."

"Blame his cursed impudence!" exclaimed the colonel, blazing up wrathfully. "What right has he got to be thinkin' about my Hester?"

"Not the least bit in the world, colonel," replied Ludlow, good-naturedly; "but don't let us forget that he had enough humanity in him to send this note; he knew quite well that he did it at the risk of his neck, and it's the first decent thing I ever knew one of them to do."

"Well, you're certainly in a fair way to settle the question if you carry out your programme. Has it occurred to you that your calm demand will probably be answered with a couple of rifle-balls?"

"I've thought of that, but I mean to take the chances—if I don't weaken and make a failure of the whole affair."

Ringbrand completed his hasty toilet, and they went down to the din-

ing-room, where Mrs. Ludlow was waiting to serve the returned wanderer.

He took his accustomed place and made a ravenous onslaught upon the hastily prepared supper that astonished and gratified the sympathizing hostess.

"How dreadfully hungry you were!" she said, calling Aunt Minnie to replenish the empty bread-plate.

"I'll tell you all about it the first chance I get."

"Are you going away to-night?" she asked, when Ludlow went out to hitch up the horse.

"Yes; we are going up to 'The Laurels,' and it may be late before we get back."

"I'm so glad! If you're going there, I'll be good and not ask a single question—until to-morrow."

"Why are you glad?"

"Because Hester is worried, and I want her to know you are alive and well."

They heard Ludlow drive out to the gate, and Ringbrand pushed back his chair. "Have you anything else to tell me?" he asked.

She shook her head with pensive energy. "Not a single, solitary word—except that you're to give my love to Doctor."

"I'll certainly do that," he promised. "Good night." And he ran down the walk and sprang into the phaeton beside Ludlow, who drove off rapidly up the mountain road.

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"I am very glad to let other poor sufferers know that Dr. Pierce's medicines have done for me," writes Mrs. Julian H. Gardner, of Beechwood, Norfolk Co., Mass. (Box 70). "You know I wrote to you last summer. I read what your medicine had done for other people, so thought I'd try it, and it worked. It worked like a charm and my family. I began to Jane and took six bottles of your medicine, and three vials of 'Pellets.' I took your medicine a year when I had a ten-pound girl. I had the easiest time I had with any of my three children. I have a very well-constructed body, and I am now in the best of health. I am now 100 lbs. I took the bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and three vials of 'Pellets.' I had no appetite and could not eat without it distressing me before I took your 'Favorite Prescription' and I only weighed 135 pounds. Now I weigh 175."

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DIRECTIONS.—A wineglassful with each meal and one after bed, or as may be directed by the physician, may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

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THE MAN WITH THE GUN.

He is down here in Maine looking after some fun. This man from the city—this man with the gun—his name is new, his experience, too. There are stories about shooting this man never known. He'd miss a brick house, sir, one time out of three! But will he believe it? Great Caesar, not he! But though he's erratic while shooting at game, Gets rattled, confounded, goes wild in his aim. His shot is instant, his soul without fear. When he pots the poor victim he takes for a deer. If you're out in the woods and you see him, O run, And yell like the deuce at this man with the gun.

His vision's short-sighted, yet little he reckons, As he shoots in the woods with his goggling eyes,

For he'll bang at a bush that is brushed by the breeze,

For he'll joy at a sleeker afar 'mong the trees;

And the man that's "still-hunting" in some dark ravine

Will get the whole dose of our friend's magazine;

He'll look at the corpse with a sub and a tear.

And whisper: "Excuse me; I thought

O, yell like the blazes as if you been skin When you think you observe this 'ee man with the gun."

He pulls at a noise ere a thing is in view. He's strongly sorry to find it is you.

He says at the inquest he thought 'twas a bear.

Though that doesn't comfort a widow and her.

He expresses regrets, leaves a card with his name,

Goes cheerfully off without feeling to blame.

"'Twas awkward, bah Jove, that he gave

you the juice."

But you shouldn't have acted so much like a noose.

It's a curious thing—yas, it's deucedly queer—

How he took that poor, blood-spotted chap

for a deer;

Then he loads up again and goes on for more fun;

O run, he is coming, this man with the gun!

—Holman F. Day, in Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

other drop. The children are almost ragged, and we have sometimes but half enough to eat, and yet you go on throwing your money away for such vile stuff. Oh, James, you are breaking my heart," she moaned, plaintively, "you are breaking my heart."

The man shook us with the ague, and great tears rolled down his cheeks.

The children shrank together a few moments later, as they caught sight of his pale face, and stern, determined mouth. He uttered no word, but strode past them into the house.

"He ain't drunk now," whispered the girl to the boy.

"No, but just wait till he comes home from the saloon to-night. It's Saturday night, you know."

"Let's don't play that play no more," said she, "for oh, Jimmy, you might get that way realy some time, when you grow to be a man."

"Never!" answered the boy, flinging the flask into the street. "Never! I intend to be a gentleman, sir, a really, truly gentleman!"

There were tears upon the mother's cheeks at the supper table that night, but they were unmistakably glad tears, and the unwonted expression upon the father's face, his gentleness of manner and voice, made the little ones speechless with delight.

It was not long, however, ere the shade returned to the face of the mother, as shortly after supper her husband took his hat and started for the door. The boy looked at his sister, and eagerly shook his head.

"I told you so," the nod said, as plain as any speech.

The man hesitated for a moment, as he noted that nod, and read its meaning, but only for a moment did he pause, then he was gone; gone to that saloon in which he had been promised a "good time."

The room was almost full when he entered it. At a table near the door sat his comrade of the afternoon.

"A drink for Jim," boisterously shouted one of them, already considerably under the effects of liquor, to the bartender. "Come along, old fellow."

James Meredith shook his head. "No, none for me!"

Everyone in the room who knew the speaker stared in astonishment.

"Why," said the one who had called for the drink, with a sneer, "has the person been after ye?" A few laughed.

"No!" firmly said Mr. Meredith, "all the temperance sermons in the world are but as air in comparison with something which I have seen and heard since I last stood here."

No one spoke as he paused for a moment.

"I have seen a vision!" Slowly and impressively he uttered the words.

Only the bartender smiled derisively. There was that in the speaker's face, however, which commanded the respect and silence of all in the room. And then, in the deep hush which followed, the man told of his innocent little ones whom he had overheard enacting the role of the heart-broken, ill-used mother, and the besotted, miserable father.

"James, why will you do this way?" repeated the narrator, feelingly. "Why, comrades, when I heard that question put by those childish lips, that question which I had so often jeered at when spoken by my wife; when I saw that boy's sullen, repulsive face, the counterpart, I keenly felt, of mine—and as I have so often seen it represented here—why, I felt it to be the work of my good angel, a working of a divine spirit in the hearts of the children, thus to present me to myself in all my shame and degradation."

His voice broke. But one movement among his listeners marked the effect of his words and manner. One of a group of young men emptied the half-filled glass before him upon the floor, and arose to his feet, with head uncovered.

"And I felt," resumed the speaker with a kindling of the eye, as he noted the young man's action, "that it was my duty to come and tell you that henceforth I shall have no need to come here to drown care; to drown care at the expense of my wife and little ones. Please God, from to-night," he added, earnestly, "my brain shall be kept clear, my hand steady, for the climb out of the pit of poverty into which my many 'good times' here have thrust me."

"And I am with you, James Meredith," resolutely said the young man, resuming his hat, and in the silence which followed the two, with a grip of the hand, went out together into the night.

"Now, you be mamma," the boy was saying to his little sister, "and I'll be father."

"Yes," replied she, puckering up her forehead and with a womanly gesture of weariness sinking into a chair upon the dilapidated porch. "I'll be poor dear mamma, and you be father, drunk and cross."

"Wait a minute," said the boy, running off, but presently returning with a flask from which he pretended to drain the contents. "Now!" and down he sat, nodding toward the girl with an almost idiotic expression of countenance.

"James," said she, pathetically, in tones as near like her mother's as she could assume, "why will you do this way?"

"Whizzer way?" responded the boy with a leer.

"Why, getting drunk!"

"Who-zer drunk?" angrily retorted he.

"Why, you are, James Meredith," with oh, such a blaze of contempt upon her wee countenance.

The listening father flushed with shame at her tone and look.

"You're a fool!" mumbled the boy. "A man can't take a social glass but what you muz' call 'em drunk."

The girl wrung her tiny hands. "Did you promised when the baby died that you would never touch any?"

Customer—You said these gloves were warm. My hands have been half frozen ever since I began to wear them.

Salesman—You want to go to a doctor? I can't do anything for you, I never said anything about your hands.

The girl wrung her tiny hands.

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Selected Tale.

THE BAD MAN OF THE RANGE.

The Bad Man of the Range, he of the swagger air, the fierce moustache and the big six-shooters, laughed merrily when told the name of the new town marshal.

"Don't see," he remarked in his superior manner. "Why they didn't elect a baby or a suckin' calf while they was about it. Just as well done that as to elect a little skinnin' gosh! like that feller they got."

Those who heard these words laughed. People always laugh at the funny sayings of a man in whose presence they stand with fear and trembling. They laugh even if his sayings are not very funny. Bad men are sensitive and they don't like to have their wit and humor slighted. People know this and are careful to avoid giving offense.

It was in Bixby's saloon in the little town of Roundup that the Bad Man was doing his talking. There was quite a crowd present, several bad ones among them, but there was none who presumed to divide honors with the original and only real Bad Man of the Range.

"I've run this town for five years," the Bad Man went on with an air of justifiable pride, "and if I'm gone to keep on runnin' it's worth while toofin' away my powder an' lead on. I don't want no little spindly-shanked rooster that 'll eyin' me home to tell its mother if you crook your finger at it. Not me."

The Bad Man glanced impudently around over his listeners, and they made haste to show their approval of his sentiments, some murmuring their assent and the others merely looking it.

"In times past," the Bad Man resumed, "they had men for marshals in this town—fellers that would stand up and shoot an' be shot at. They was men that made business for the undertakers—it helped to start graveyards. That was some honor an' glory in cleanin' out such men as them, and I could do it without losin' my self-respect. But this new chap! Lord, it makes me sick to think of him! Shootin' him would be just like shootin' a wall-eyed dyn' calf."

The listeners all showed their sympathy for the Bad Man. It seemed such a cruel shame that one so bold and daring—a man who might carry repeating rifles stuck above his ears, and pick human bones out of his teeth with a Bowie knife—should be compelled to pit himself against a town marshal so little worthy of his steel. It was too bad.

"I come up to town to-day," the Bad Man continued a little sadly, "to make a vacancy in the marshal's office, but I expected to find a man that 'd interest me slightly an' sorta manage to keep me awake while I was fixin' him. That fellow though—that's no honor nor glory an' no interest in studin' out his miserable little life. I'd lose my self-respect if I wuz to kill him, besides destroyin' my standin' in society. So I reckon I'll just turn him across my knees an' spank him, then kick him out of town."

The crowd showed its hearty approval of this plan. It was ready always to approve anything the Bad Man said or did. It approved, not because it loved or respected him, but because it feared him.

Even the other bad men, who claimed to have made creditable records as extinguishers of humanity, quaked and quailed before this terrible being who killed people merely for pastime and who had long since lost count of the number of his victims.

"Yes, sir, I'll just fix him that way," the Bad Man repeated after inviting the crowd up to the bar to drink with him at Bixby's expense. "I'll turn him over my knees an' spank him an' then kick him out of town. That's all the attention I can afford to give a thing like that."

The name of the new marshal of Roundup was Dent. He was a pale-faced, delicate young chap from back East, and he had been but a short time on the western frontier, where cowboys and other festive and erratic characters are found.

His ways and manners were painfully quiet and unassuming when contrasted with those of the people about him, and his general appearance was not calculated to strike terror to the heart of anything larger and more formidable than a mouse. To look at him one would conclude that he would be the first to get away from a fight, if there was any chance to run, and falling in that would summarily turn the other cheek. He was just the kind of chap whom, if the bad man should deign to notice him at all, it would be only to the extent of slapping his face.

He was nominated for the office of town marshal as a joke, because he was thought to be the most timid man in Roundup, and the people, to their surprise of everybody, carried out the joke by electing him. When it was known that he had been elected it was taken for granted that he would decline to serve, but he did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he accepted the trust reposed in him, and calmly announced his intention of discharging the duties of the office to the best of his ability.

They told him about the Bad Man, and how he had made life a burden to every man who had ever been marshal of the town; or more properly speaking, how he had made life a burden to all those to whom he had not made it a thing of the past. He listened quietly, emitted a far-away smile, and calmly repeated that he would serve.

Then the Mayor took the matter in hand and talked to Dent seriously. He spoke in language more forcible than elegant.

"Dent, you're nothin' to me," he said, "an' if you're achtin' to throw your life away an' air jest bound to do it, I guess I've got no kick comin'! Yit, for all that, I hate to see you act the fool. You won't last two minutes when the Bad Man comes to town. No marshal ever has, an' we've had marshals that were men—marshals whose fingers were not slow at pullin' a trigger an' who had done their part in helpin' on the coffin trade. Before the Bad Man you won't amount to as much as a grasshopper in a cattle stampede."

"Do you really think so?" Dent asked, innocently.

"Hump!" the Mayor sniffed impatiently. Then he added: "No, I don't think so. I know it."

"Well, I shoul' be sorry to have trouble with the Bad Man," Dent said quietly, "and I hope I won't. Anyhow, I thank you for your kindness in warning me; but, really, since the people have elected me, I think I shall have to serve."

Then the Mayor washed his hands of the whole affair, and fell to wondering whether the new marshal had money enough to pay for his own funeral or whether it would have to be conducted at the expense of the town.

TOLD BY THE OLD PUGILIST.

"Ringin' in the Old Days Before John L. Lind Brought the Sport to Perfection."

"One winter, when things were rather slow in the city—it was just before John L. Lind's time—said the old pugilist, according to the New York Sun, "we made up a little party and hired a hall in one of the fishing towns not far away. We advertised a prize of ten dollars for anyone who could stay on his feet against our men for five rounds. It was safe money, although when two or three of the heavies came in at the same time we had all we could handle."

"But one night a fellow as big as the side of a house came along, and we swelled trouble. We put him up against the heaviest man in our party, who, though he only tipped the scales at 180 pounds, had two good hands and a head that you couldn't hurt with a pile-driver. But the stranger was no stoich, and at the end of the fourth round we began to worry about the tinner."

"The ring was on the stage at the front of the hall, and at the rear of the stage there were two windows. So I says to our man as I spangled his mouth: 'Work him over to one of the windows.'

"It wasn't no easy job, but he did it before time was half up, and as the duffer backed up near the window he got a crack in the head from behind that dumped him in a heap. That's the way we saved our ten."

"But the funny part of it is that our champion had caught the local guy on the jaw the same moment and we could never persuade him that it wasn't himself that scared the knock-out."

PRESERVING THE BIG TREES.

Efforts to Prevent the Destruction of the California Forest Giants.

The women's clubs of this state are persevering in their efforts to save the Calaveras grove as a legacy to posterity. Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard has opened correspondence on the subject with many influential men in Washington. Senator Ilion, of Massachusetts, suggests in a letter written on the subject that California ought to have intelligence and public spirit enough to save her wonderful trees, the San Francisco Chronicle. The suggestion is pertinent, but the nation as well as the state has an interest in their preservation. The senator adds that his state would not ask any help of the federal government if she had them, which is probably true; but Massachusetts has a larger permanent population and greater wealth than California, while the proximity of the grove to a national park in this state naturally suggests their union and their subsequent care under one patrol. Mr. Ilion promises, however, to aid the senators from this state in their efforts to secure favorable action by congress.

Another letter of special value on the subject has been received from the secretary of the American Forestry Association, in which the cooperation of the women's clubs of California with that organization in all kindred projects to that of the preservation of Calaveras grove is cordially invited. In this letter there is a friendly intimation that heroes should supplement histories in the work of saving the forests of the country from destruction, and the hint will probably not be thrown away.

SHRINKAGE OF THE SUN.

An English Scientist Estimates That It Amounts to Six Inches a Day.

The usual Christmas course of lectures was begun at the Royal institution by Sir Robert Ball. The sun, he pointed out, was the source of all the heat received by this earth, says the London Times. Now, it was a well-known fact that most things in cooling became smaller; a poker, for example, was shorter when it was cold than when it was red hot. The sun, too, must obey this fundamental law, and must therefore be getting smaller. If we could measure its diameter on two successive days we should find it had decreased by nine inches—that was to say, it was shrinking at the rate of, roughly, six feet a week, or a mile in every 20 years. In view of this shrinkage, some of the younger members of the audience might feel anxious lest the sun should not last their time. Such anxiety, however, was groundless; he was 660,000 miles in diameter, so it would take 10,000 years for him to be reduced by 3,600 miles to 555,000, and the lecturer was sure that if there were two suns in the sky, one 560,000 miles in diameter and the other 558,000, no one would be able to tell by looking at them which of the two was the smaller. But as the sun was shrinking nine inches every day, and had been doing so for ages, it followed that in the past he was very much greater than he was now. But he always had the same amount of material in him and weighed no heavier than at present; hence the inference was that he was once a huge mass of rarefied gas—a great, glowing nebula.

Cholera and Typhus.

The cholera repeatedly during the last century visited London and Paris, but at no time was there a death from that disease among the operatives of the perfume factories.

German Exhibition of Asces.

Germany has just held its first national exhibition of asces near Berlin. There were over 4,000 entries.

Painting in London.

Over 1,000 pawn tickets for sums under ten shillings are issued weekly in London alone.

Going into a New Business.

Every fellow who goes into a new business expects to hustle a little harder than the other fellow.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Different from Some People.

A bulldog bites first and barks afterward.—Chicago Daily News.

THE LANCE IN WARFARE.

At Present It Is Not Very Dangerous—Wounds Can Be Easily Cured.

When the war in the Transvaal broke out Dr. Frederick Schaefer, a distinguished German army surgeon, obtained permission to accompany the British troops, his object being to ascertain to what extent the lance is effective as a weapon in war. During the campaign he devoted his entire attention to this subject, and now he has returned home and forwarded it to his government an official report thereon.

In it he says that wounds caused by a lance are not dangerous and are easily cured, and that the reason is because the iron point of the weapon is round and therefore passes through the organs of the body without injuring them to any great extent. "Being such a humane weapon," he points out, "the lance is by no means as valuable in war as is generally supposed. Nevertheless it can be made a dangerous weapon by merely changing the form of its point, and if the military authorities decide to retain it as a portion of the equipment of cavalry this should certainly be done."

This suggestion is exciting a good deal of comment in Europe. The Frankfort Gazette, apparently appalled at the thought of transforming a humane weapon into a cruel one, says sarcastically: "We propose that the point of the lance be made of such a shape that it will lacerate every organ in the body and render the cure of every wound utterly impossible. Furthermore, it will be well for the authorities to seriously consider the advisability of impregnating the point of the lance with such deadly poison."

BURIED HOUSES IN MEXICO.

Rare Discovery Made by Mormon Archaeologists in the Garecia Valley.

A dispatch from the City of Mexico, Mexico, says: The party of Mormon archaeologists and students who left Provo City, Utah, nearly a year ago on an overland trip to Valparaiso, Chile, have arrived here. They spent some time in the Garcia valley, in the state of Chihuahua, where they made some extensive excavations and explorations of ancient ruins which had never before been visited by archaeologists. Prof. Benjamin Cluff, who is in charge of the party, said: "We found a great number of mounds in the Garcia valley, the date of which is unknown. In the mounds which we excavated we found some well-built houses made of stone, well plastered and most of them having cement floors. The houses usually consisted of two to four rooms, though some of them were larger. The houses were always in groups or villages, never alone. The whole side of the mountain had evidently been under cultivation, and every ridge had a line of houses. In front of the side of each house we found a wall or terrace from one to six feet high, which had been leveled and used evidently as a garden spot. Down the hillsides and along ravines we found these terraces at regular intervals. They had apparently served as reservoirs for the valley below. In the houses we found crockery, stone implements and invariably charcoal. In a cave we found some scraps of excellent woolen cloth and also of flax or linen cloth. It is clear to us from our investigations that the cave dwellers and the mound dwellers were the same people."

AVERAGE MAN IS IMPORTANT.

On His Well-Being Depends the Progress of Every Civilized Nation.

The average man rules the nation, says Mme. Sarah Grand in the London Express. Elevate the individual and you make the nation great. It is a truism, but, like most truisms, will bear repetition:

"By contrasting the condition of countries in which the majority of the people are gagged and enslaved with that of countries in which wealth and freedom are more equally distributed we have learned the fact that it is not riches of the rich nor the poverty of the poor, but the position and the character and the conduct of your average mere man that gives its tone to a nation—the mere man who asks but to be allowed to live as a decent human being asks for a time of honorable toil, for a time of rest, for love and affection, for wife and children—for a life of dignity, an old age of pleasant memories, a happy death.

"When that is the honest ambition of the mere man of a nation that nation must be great. Given the condition of mere man, does he progress or is he downtrodden and oppressed and you have the condition of the nation and its place in the estimation of the world.

"This being the case, it is obvious that progress depends upon the elevation of the masses, and it is toward that end that all right thinking people in power will direct their energies in the days to come—that and universal federation, which shall make obsolete the retrograde power of patriotism, and result in peace on earth and good will among all nations."

Recipes for Grafting Wax.

The following recipes have been extensively used and are reliable: Hard wax, resin, four pounds; beeswax, one pound; half a pint or more of raw linseed oil, free from all cotton-seed oil or other adulterants.

Melt all gradually together, turn into cool water, and pull until smooth. More oil can be used if too hard. Liquid wax; good white resin, one pound; beef tallow, one ounce. Melt and remove from the fire. Add gradually eight ounces of alcohol, stirring until mixture is smooth. Keep in closed bottles and apply with a brush when used. —Rural New Yorker.

Quaint Wedding Ceremony.

William Wombwell, aged 70, and Catherine Healey, aged 57, jumped over a broomstick at Cowes, near Doncaster, England, recently, and thereupon became according to Romany custom, man and wife.

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SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Iowa has 46 colleges, according to the last directory of educational affairs, issued by the superintendent of public instruction.

Rev. George W. Ulke, of Prospect Park, Pa., has preached there for 39 years and has always refused to accept pay for such service. Mr. Ulke has a little property and declares that having no need of a salary he should not accept it.

Several members of a church in Kutztown, Pa., having fallen far behind with their fair dues, the board of trustees has decided that in future the hell shall not be tolled for a funeral in any family which has not paid up its indebtedness and a year in advance besides.

Samuel Guernsey, a Yale medical student, recently volunteered to go to Derby, Conn., and nurse a smallpox patient. He nursed the sick man back to comparative safety, and now an effort is being made to secure for him the humane society's medal in consideration of bravery.

The pope gave an audience of three-quarters of an hour recently to M. Eugene Wolff, who had just returned from an extensive tour through China. M. Wolff states that he was much impressed not only with the holy father's physical strength but with the clearness of mind which he displayed in listening to the story related to him.

Twenty-one prominent members of the Swedish Congregational church, Brockton, Mass., have been expelled from the church because they belonged to secret societies. The expulsion was the result of an order by the pastor, Rev. August Pohl. The action has created much bad feeling among the members of the church, who take sides either with or against the pastor.

PAPER COLLECTORS.

An Odd and Interesting End—Some of the Oldest Curiosities in Existence.

An odd but pleasant fad is collecting paper. Not the printed page, but the raw material. There is almost no limit to the collections which can be made. Besides those used in writing, printing, engraving, chromolithographing, and the like, are the types used for wrapping, wall papering, binding and magazine covering. There are paper mills in every civilized country, and in such semi-civilized ones as Corea, China, Burmah, Siam, India, and even Egypt. Hundreds of methods are employed, and the list of crude materials is exceedingly long. It includes paper, cotton, linen, wool, rag, hemp, wood-pulp, wood-flour, straw, corn husks and stalks, bamboo and many numerous other vegetable fibers, says the New York Post.

The most durable paper is made by a guild near Nanking, in China, which supplies the government of that empire with the leaves for its official documents. This paper is made from young bamboo tips. It is soft, pliable, takes ink well, and seems indestructible. There are samples in collections which are over a thousand years old. The largest assortment of these Chinese papers is owned by an editor in Jersey City, who has nearly 300 different samples. Quite odd are the fireproof papers. Some of these are made of vegetable fiber impregnated with tung-soda of soda. Others are made of fine asbestos or of asbestos mixed with fiber. These will pass through a fire unscathed. They have, however, one drawback. They will not preserve the ink used upon their surface. A sheet, handsomely printed, comes out of a fire unscathed, and if a writing ink is made of any vegetable substance it shares the same fate. The strongest paper thus far produced is made of Manila hemp. A sheet of legal cap will sustain a weight of 300 pounds. Its fiber is so compact that a man of ordinary muscular power cannot tear it across. It is used for wills and legal documents. The finest paper is a linen fabric made in England. It is as light as tissue paper, and yet so strong that it will stand much wear.

The oldest printing papers belong to the United States. Some years ago an eccentric scientist published a book in which he endeavored to give the greatest possible relief to the eye of the reader. One page was printed with one size of type in black ink, a second with a different-sized type in brown ink; a third with blue ink, and a fourth with maroon ink. He applied the same principle to the texture of the paper of each page, which was coarse, medium, or fine, rough-finished, smoothly finished, calendered or supercalendered. The paper itself was also tinted in every hue which the publisher thought agreeable to look upon. The book was not a success, and the small edition which appeared is now treasured as one of the literary or typographic curiosities of the land.

Plowing by Alcohol Power.</

THE BAD MAN OF THE RANGE.
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX.)

The Bad Man had scarcely announced to the crowd at Blitsby's saloon what his intentions were relative to the new marshal when that individual walked in. He had on his star, so the Bad Man recognized him at once. The crowd fell back a little and waited anxiously to see the fun begin. It would be quite a diversion—something out of the rut of mere killings—to see the new marshal speak.

The Bad Man drew his pistol, and, assuming his fiercest mien, glared at Dent with a vicious look that was calculated to blast him. Dent stood quietly watching the Bad Man, a gentle smile lighting his thin, pale face.

"So you're the new marshal, sir?" the Bad Man thundered in tones that almost shook the building.

"I have that honor, sir," Dent replied, sweetly. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

The Bad Man scowled darkly—so darkly as to apparently cast a shadow over the room. "No, but that's some thin' I can do for you," he answered. "Somethin' I'm goin' to do in 'bout a minute."

"Indeed! Well, I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure," Dent said in his suavely polite way. "It's very kind of you, since I'm a total stranger. May I inquire the nature of the favor you propose to do me?"

The Bad Man leaned against the bar and indulged in a cold, derisive laugh. The crowd of course joined in with him. Anything the Bad Man did was very funny.

"I don't guess you need to inquire," he replied, "for I reckon you'll find out soon enough without!"

"Yes? But, really, I should like to know," Dent insisted.

"Would you? Then mabby I might as well tell you," the Bad Man said. "If you wuz wuth it I'd shoot you, but as you ain't I'm goin' to turn you over my knees an' spank you, then kick you out of town."

"Really?"

"But I don't think you ought to do that, don't you know?"

"Then me an' you don't think alike, that's all. I think I ort."

"I presume then it is a mere difference of opinion. Very able minds often differ. No doubt you have observed as much. But, really, now, I do not think you should treat me in that manner. It would be quite unpleasant for me, don't you know?"

"Rather so, I guess," the Bad Man replied coolly. "Reckon you won't find it as pleasant as eatin' peaches an' cream, an' some other things I might dream. But for all that it's got to be done, don't you know?"

"But, my dear sir, surely you—so far Dent spoke humbly and submissively; then his eyes opening wide and his face taking on an expression of horror, he added in sharp, incisive tones: "Look out there behind you, quick!"

The Bad Man, alarmed at these words, whirled around—and saw nothing. With an oath he turned back—and saw something he wasn't expecting. To his surprise he found himself looking straight into the muzzle of a pistol held steadily by the hand of the new marshal.

The Bad Man's eyes opened and his lower jaw dropped. He crouched as close to the bar as he could get. He seemed to have nothing to say just then, and the marshal, too, remained silent for the moment. The crowd hesitated, feeling that the time for paying homage to the Bad Man was passing, but not yet quite sure that it was safe to transfer its homage to the marshal.

"But, as I started to remark, my dear sir," Dent resumed calmly, "surely you have no reason to trouble yourself on my account to the extent you proposed; so I think I shall have to decline your kind invitation. I do not wish to appear ungrateful, but under the circumstances I believe you must see for yourself that it would be better for you to forego the pleasure of showing me the favor you contemplated. I hardly think you will do me the honor of spanking me today."

The Bad Man was not so sure of that himself now. Nevertheless he made a movement to raise his pistol, and the marshal promptly put a stop to that.

"Just place your guns on the bar," he said, "and then stand away from them."

The Bad Man, after one look at the threatening pistol barrel and the stern, pale face behind it, submissively obeyed.

"You should remove your hat when in the company of gentlemen," Dent went on, "and as you have failed to do so I'll remove it for you."

With that he shot the Bad Man's hat from his head. "Then he added:

"I see a fly on one of your ears. Allow me to remove it."

There was another pistol report, and the Bad Man felt a burning sensation along the rim of his ear.

"Oh, no thanks, at all!" Dent said. "It is really a pleasure, I assure you. Ah! I see you have a small boil on the side of your face there. Permit me to open it for you. It really needs attention."

There was another crack of the pistol, then Dent added: "There, the boil will bother you no more. My dear sir, is there any other little favor I could render you? Don't hesitate to mention it if there is, for you are quite welcome to these trifling attentions. Quite welcome, I assure you."

The Bad Man, with his form as limp as a rag and his eyes bulging out, managed to gasp: "For God's sake, don't kill me."

"No? Well, I won't. If you were worth it I might, but as you're not I'll merely spank you and then kick you out of town. I'll show that I can appreciate a kind intention by rendering you the favor you proposed to show me."

There was a whiskey barrel lying at one side of the room, with some empty boxes near it. Pointing to the barrel, Dent said to the Bad Man, in tones so gentle as to be almost kind: "Will you please do me the kindness to lay yourself over that barrel, and then kick you downward? I will not detain you longer than I can help."

The Bad Man hesitated, but Dent was insistent. Leveling his pistol straight at the Bad Man's head he said:

"I hope you are not going to refuse me so small a service. I really think you would better grant my trifling request."

The Bad Man looked at the pistol; then at Dent, and finally concluded that it would be better. So he walked over to the barrel, though there was an air of reluctance in his movement and with not the very best grace in the world, stretched himself across it with his head hanging down on one side and his feet on the other.

Then Dent, keeping his pistol in range with the Bad Man's head, took up a piece of pine box lid about three feet long and five or six inches wide. Next he stepped back until he had gained exactly the right position to make his efforts the most effective.

Then with a bow and a smile "Permit me!" he began to bestow upon the Bad Man one of the warmest favors he had ever received in all his life.

Once the Bad Man looked up at the crowd appealingly, hoping it might come to his aid in the hour of his dire extremity, but the crowd realized that he was fallen hero; so it had no aid and no sympathy, even, to waste on him, and all he got from it was a cold, unfeeling horse laugh that made his heart sick. Thus does the noble turn upon the mighty in the hour when the mighty falls.

Dent held on with the pine board until it was in splinters, then securing another he wielded it as long as there was a piece of it large enough to wield. He kept this up until his arm ached, and he was breathless from violent exertion.

Then he took the Bad Man by the collar and jerked him to his feet, and, holding him so, marched him out of the saloon, dealing him a kick, first with one foot and then the other, at every step. He continued for three blocks down the street, and then, completely exhausted, he let the Bad Man go.

And the Bad Man went. He went immediately, he went spiritfully and he went straightforward, with his eyes fixed to the front and not one looked backward. So far as Roundup knows he is going yet, for from that day to this he has never been seen nor even heard of by any one in that town.

The new marshal thought he rather enjoyed his position, so he served out his term, but at the next election he declined to be a candidate again. The duties of the office had become so tame as to be monotonous and irksome and he advised the election of some other man who liked a quiet, peaceful life. Leslie's Weekly.

English Language.

Among the scattered millions who now employ our common speech in England itself, in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, in the United States and Canada, in India and in Australia, in Egypt and in South Africa, says Brander Matthews, in Scribner's, there is no stronger bond of union than the language itself. A certain unity of sentiment may show itself now and again; but there is no likelihood that any political association will ever be achieved. The tie that fastens the more independent colonies to the mother country is loose enough now, even if it is never further relaxed; and less than half of those who have English for their mother-tongue owe any allegiance whatever to England. The English-speaking inhabitants of the British Empire are apparently fewer than the inhabitants of the American republic, and the population of the United Kingdom itself is only a little more than half the population of the United States.

"To set down these facts is to point out that the English language is no longer a personal possession of the people of England. The power of the head of the British Empire over what used to be called "the Queen's English" is now as little recognized as her power over what used to be called "the King's Evil." We may regret that this is the case or we may rejoice at it; but we can not well deny the fact. And thus we are face to face with more than one very interesting question. What is going to become of the language now it is thus dispersed abroad and freed from all control by a central authority and exposed to all sorts of alien influences? Is it bound to become corrupted and to sink from its high estate into a mere slang and into a welter of hucksterly fashioned verbal novelties? What, more especially, is going to be the future of the English language here in America? Must we fear the dread possibility that the speech of the people on the opposite sides of the Western Ocean will diverge at last until the English language will divide into two branches, those who speak British being hardly able to understand those who speak American, and those who speak American being hardly able to understand those who speak British?

The Bad Man's eyes opened and his lower jaw dropped. He crouched as close to the bar as he could get. He seemed to have nothing to say just then, and the marshal, too, remained silent for the moment. The crowd hesitated, feeling that the time for paying homage to the Bad Man was passing, but not yet quite sure that it was safe to transfer its homage to the marshal.

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He Stuck To The Flag.

They tell a story, a true, unvarnished story, of him that touches the patriotic chord of every man in the navy who happens to hear it for the first time. The evil was had just broken out, when brother was to meet brother and fathers shouldered their muskets to kill sons. The Niagara had just come home from the Asiatic station, proud and as impregnable in those days as the Iowa or the Puritan is today. Getting into soundings, the boys heard the news, the sad news that threatened to divide a union, the grandest and greatest that God had ever blessed and that men had ever fostered. The word came off in the usual way that bad news travels, and shipmates of many days looked at one another, shook their heads and said: "You are a southerner, Jack. I can't fight you!"

"And you, Bill, are a northerner. I'd be a dog to fight you!"

That was the spirit and they the men. The South wanted men, wanted them badly. The North called for patriots and bands went to the gun batteries. But it was hard to ask these of the Niagara, North as well as South, to draw arms against one another. Military laws recognize no other laws where military laws rule, and it just had come to the moment when the captain of the ship had to ask how many of his old shipmates and friends cared to stand by the old flag. He called the officers together and as they gathered about the long, old-fashioned table in the old wardroom, he said to them, his voice trembling with expectancy with every word:

"Gentlemen, this question of the civil war is the parting of the ways. Some of us will never meet again and some of us will die doing what we believe to be right. Uncle Sam has educated, fed and clothed us, and we have sworn to stand by him. Yet no oath can bind a man beyond the strength of his conscience, and changed conditions make a changed man. On that table I have written out the dearth of allegiance. I have signed it. I stay by the flag. Let each of you go to his cabin and think it over; then let him come back here and sign below me or let him go his way in peace!"

Then they went away, white faced and undetermined. A half hour passed before the first man came back to put his name to the paper that meant that Uncle Sam could have not only his sword but his life if needed. Then others followed, until nine names appeared under that of the commanding officer. The others had gone, gone to the South that claimed heroes, just as the North was doing. As the ninth man appended his signature to the document the captain came into the cabin, picked up the paper and shook his head. The name he looked for was not there. He dropped the paper and turned to go away, when he heard a heavy, determined foot coming down the companionway. It seemed to him that he recognized that foot. Yes, he was right.

A young, handsome, boldshipman from Maryland approached the table and the captain's voice faltered as he asked:

"Winnie, do you sign?"

"Aye, aye, sir. Same flag and same Uncle Sam in Maryland as in Massachusetts, you know."

"God bless you, boy," said the captain. "Your father and I fought side by side as lads in 1812, and, while there are some of us who are going away, I pray God that your father's son will stick to us."

The midshipman? Go ask Winfield Scott Seelye. He stuck to the flag when others didn't.—Mail and Express.

Henry B. Blackwell.

The Girl and the Portrait.

Doctors disagree as to the influence of heredity. Some hold that a great deal hinges upon it; others believe the contrary. Upon the authentic stories told to exemplify this mysterious bond between ancestors and descendants, says the N. Y. Sun, are very curious. There was a loan collection of old portraits exhibited in London lately and a young girl was among the visitors. She was an orphan and wealthy, but without near relatives and was often heard to complain of the loneliness of her position.

As she passed through the gallery one particular portrait attracted her attention, and she went back to it more than once. Her companion saw in nothing but the connoisseur's painting of a middle-aged man in the costume of the latter part of the last century.

"It is such a nice kind face," said the girl, rather wistfully. "I imagine my father might have looked like that had he lived."

As most of the pictures were ticketed the visitors had purchased no catalogue, but, before going away, Mrs. B. bought one at the entrance and made a last visit to the portrait for which she had felt so strong an attraction. To her astonishment she found her own name opposite to its number, and learned on inquiry that the original was one of her ancestors.

Another occurrence or psychological phenomenon happened a few years ago to a Southern statesman and夫人, whose family has always been of rank in his native state. This gentleman was overhauling old documents and letters which had been stored in a musty chest for years and intended to publish whatever might be of historic value and interest.

To his surprise he unfolded a letter, yellow and time-stained, which was written in his own peculiar handwriting, or seemed to have been written by him, although the date was two generations before his birth. The signature of the surname, which was the same as his own, was so bizarrely characteristic that he could not tell his own handwriting. So it sometimes happens that handwriting as well as features and character is handed down in families.

Mr. Frost looking up from his paper:

"What are you thinking at, Maria?"

Mrs. Frost—I was thinking of the time when you proposed. You told me to say one little word that would make you happy for life.

Mr. Frost—Yes, I remember. And you went and said the wrong word.—London Fan.

"Ever notice," asked the confused philosopher, "that when a man wants to make you think he is speaking from the bottom of his heart he speaks it in the tone of his voice?"—Indianapolis Press.

"Haven't you got through yet?" asked the impatient customer.

"Pretty near," answered the bootblack, polishing away with all his might. "I kin see you finish."—Chicago Tribune.

Pocket Map of China.

Latest indexed map of Chinese Empire, with enlarged map of portion of China where difficulty exists, and other valuable information relating to present crisis. Copy mailed on receipt of two cents in postage, by W. B. Kuskern, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Get the best.

Women's Dep't.

The Elastic Yard Stick.

Opponents of equal suffrage have made a wonderful invention—an elastic yardstick. By a judicious use of it, they propose to prevent women from voting. Whenever any woman does an unwise thing, they change it against the whole body of women, and gravely assert that all women are unfit to vote. A few days ago some of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in a contested election, lost their temper and got into a verbal skirmish

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE

OF

Furniture, Carpets and House Furnishings

Conditions consequent upon the death of the senior member of this firm have necessitated the immediate sale of its immense stock of Furniture and Housefurnishing Goods. The same wind that has blown misfortune to us has blown the ship of good luck to your very doors. Not one of you that isn't this very minute planning for a new carpet or two, or a piece of furniture, or something or other that this big store now finds itself obliged to sacrifice on. It seems a pity, but the goods must be sold—that's the story in a nut-shell and every dollar's worth of goods in this stock has been priced for this sale without a thought of the cost, but with the one determination to sell.

The reliability of this stock cannot be questioned. Purchasers are requested to make every possible inquiry of the salesmen before buying, and every piece will be guaranteed exactly as represented. If so desired goods purchased will be stored free of cost, for a reasonable length of time, subject to the purchaser's order for delivery.

The following enumeration of articles, picked at random, will serve as a hint of the many dollar-saving possibilities this sacrifice sale offers.

Chamber Furniture.

	Former Price.	Sale Price.
1 3-piece Suit, mahogany finish, 30x42 mirror, serpentine front, cast trimmings,	\$100.00	\$60.00
1 10-piece Suit, mahogany finish, highly polished,	85.00	50.00
1 3-piece " 30x36 mirror, quartered oak,	70.00	40.00
1 3-piece " quartered oak, 30x40 mirror,	60.00	37.00
1 3-piece " " 52-in. top, with long mirror,	55.00	38.00
1 3-piece " " 18x40 oval mirror,	55.00	38.00
1 10-piece " mahogany finish, highly polished, 28x36 mirror with fluted posts,	52.00	35.00
1 3-piece " quartered oak, swell front,	45.00	33.00
1 3-piece " polished "	41.00	30.00
1 10-piece " "	35.00	20.00
1 lot 10-piece Suits, all hard wood,	25.00	20.00
	23.00	16.50

BRASS and IRON BEDS.

	Former Price.	Sale Price.
1 3-ft. 6-in. with brass rail,	\$7.50	\$4.50
15 Beds, brass trimmed, each,	5.00	3.00
2 " handsome scroll design, each	7.50	6.00
2 " heavy castings, trimmed,	14.00	11.25
3 " brass scroll,	18.00	14.75
1 " very massive scroll design,	21.00	14.00
1 lot Beds, brass knobs with spring attached,	7.50	6.50
1 " " with all iron spring attached,	9.00	6.50
1 All-brass Bed, with canopy top,	42.50	21.00

ODD PIECES.

	Former Price.	Sale Price.
1 Im. Dressing Table,	\$4.00	\$3.00
1 Curly Birch Dressing Table,	18.00	12.00
1 Sycamore Bureau, commode and table to match,	61.00	39.00
1 Quartered Oak Dressing Table,	24.00	9.00
1 " " "	15.00	8.00
1 " Bureau,	24.00	18.00
1 " Commode to match.	13.00	9.00
1 Mahogany finish Bureau,	14.00	11.00
1 Quartered Oak Chiffonier and mirror,	24.00	18.00
1 Oak Desk and chiffonier and mirror,	15.00	11.00
1 Oak Chiffonier, 5 drawers and hat box, and mirror,	12.00	9.50
1 " 6 " " " "	12.00	8.00
1 " with mirror,	7.50	6.75
1 " "	7.50	5.75
1 " "	6.00	5.25
1 Mahogany Chiffonier, serpentine front, and mirror.	30.00	25.00
1 " " " "	22.00	19.00
1 " "	18.00	15.00
1 Quartered Oak Folding Bed, with cupboard and drawers, and 18x36 mirror,	58.00	29.50
1 Oak Folding Bed, with mattress.	26.00	20.00
1 Combination Commode,	13.00	7.00

TOILET WARE.

	Former Price.	Sale Price.
1 12-piece Set,	\$11.00	\$7.00
2 12-piece Sets,	10.00	7.00
1 10-piece Set,	13.00	6.00
1 " " "	10.50	4.50
1 " " "	9.00	5.75
1 " " "	8.50	5.50
1 " " "	8.00	5.50
1 Lot No. 7, Prize Royal Range,	\$13.00	\$11.75
1 " No. 7, Prize Royal Range,	21.00	17.75
1 " No. 8, Prize Royal Range,	25.00	21.00
All Cooking Utensils are reduced 25 per cent.		

KITCHEN WARE.

	Former Price.	Sale Price.
1 Clothes Pins, dozen,	2c. 1c.	
1 Mrs. No. 7, Wash Boiler,	\$1.25	83
1 Galvanized Coal Hod,	0.50	0.25
1 Wash Tubs,	1.40	
1 Coal Sieves,	0.15	

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be absolutely correct. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all references as far as possible consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering the queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Address all communications to Mrs. E. M. TILLEY, care Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, March 21, 1901.

NOTES.

COOKE and PELHAM—The article on the Pelham family that appeared in

these columns last week should not have appeared under the head of the Cooke Family, as it was not written by H. Ruth Cooke and is not a part of that series of articles. The next installment of the Cooke Family will be No. VI.

PELHAM. The History of Marshfield, Mass., by Miss Maria Thomas, gives the gravestone inscription of Mrs. Elizabeth Pelham. "Here lies interred The body of Mrs. Elizabeth Pelham Who died April ye 1st, 1706, in ye 51st year of her age."

Hon. Josiah Winslow Governor of New Plymouth Dyed Dec. 18, 1689 ag. 52."

"Penelope ye widow of Governor Winslow Dyed Dec. ye 9th 1703, ag. 52."

Another account of Pelham Family, Edward Pelham, of Hastings, Eng.

M. P. 1597, Gray's Inn, 1593; called to the Bar, 1599; knighted, and made Lord Chancellor, Baron of Exeter of Ireland; died 1606. His son Herbert, of Melchett Priory admitted to Gray's Inn, 1588, and his son Herbert bore his father's arms at muster roll of Hastings, 1619. The third Herbert, born 1601, came to Massachusetts in 1635, and a son Waldegrave. He had a second wife, Elizabeth, widow of Roger Harlakenden, and daughter of Godfrey Bosville.

The ancient Pelham House, built at Hastings, 1613, was standing in 1892, oldest house in the town.

The Pelhams were an ancient family of England, and eminent in Henry VIII., and Elizabeth's reign. See Pelham's lineage of ancestry of the Duke of Monmouth for a more ancient account of them.

The following is from the New England Genealogical and Historical Register, Vol. 20, 1872. Herbert Pelham's mother was Penelope West, daughter of Lord De La Warr. His sister Penelope married Governor Bellingham. His daughter Penelope married Governor Josiah Winslow, of Plymouth. His grandson had a daughter Pen-

elope. Edward, son of Herbert Pelham, went to Newport, and married daughter of Governor Benedict Arnold, and had children, but the records of them are very imperfect. Two deeds on Middlesex files prove as follows:

October 24, 1718, Edward Pelham, Jr., and Thomas Pelham, of Newport, sons of Captain Edward Pelham, and Abigail, wife of said Thomas, sell, for 1000 pounds, land which was the property of Herbert Pelham, father of said Captain Edward Pelham. In 1761 there was a claim made by Herbert Pelham, of Bures Hamlet, Co. Essex, Eng., that his grandfather Herbert left children, Waldegrave, Edward, Henry and Penelope; that he is the only son of Waldegrave, and that Edward, who died September 20, 1730, had only a life estate in the lands which he claims as heir.

Captain Edward Pelham, son of Herbert, had Edward, Thomas, Elizabeth, who married John Goodson, June 26, 1711. Edward Pelham, Jr., married in Newport, March 11, 1717-18, Arabella Williams, and had 1. Hester, born December 3, 1718, married John Bannister. His grandson had a daughter Pen-

elope, of Boston; 2. Elizabeth, born October 20, 1721; 3. Penelope, born May 23, 1724.

He and his wife were living May 17, 1738, when they signed a deed to John Bannister.

Thomas Pelham, son of Captain Edward, had a wife Abigail in 1718. Is it not possible that he was the father of Thomas Pelham, of Boston? There was a Penelope in that family.

The following is from Page 419, Vol. 2, Harvard Catalogue, Edward Pelham, born 1638, Harvard College 1673 whored 1730, aged 77 years. A wild spendthrift college, full of pranks. His father in his will placed his property in the hands of his son-in-law, Governor Josiah Winslow; and that he is to him only should be given his ways.

This Edward Pelham married two daughters of Benedict Arnold, Free-love and Godfrey, and left by his will, at his death 1739, his property to his son Edward Pelham, who died 1749, and left property by will to two daughters by wife Aratelia, namely, Hester, who married John Bannister, and Penelope, who married John Crossley, of Wolverhampton, Eng.

Robert Bolton, of Westchester County,

Floor Coverings.

CARPETS.

	Former Price.	Sale Price.		
Axminsters, made and laid	\$1.35	\$1.00	Oil Cloths,	.35 .28
Moquettes, "	1.35	1.00	" best grade,	.42 .30
Velvets, "	1.35	1.00	China Mattings,	.50 .35
Body Brussels, "	1.15	.90	" "	.22 .15
" "	1.25	1.00	Fancy Cotton warps,	.20 .14
" "	1.45	1.15	" "	.30 .15
Tapestries, "	.75	.55	Extra heavy "	.37 .25
" "	.85	.65	" "	.50 .37
All-Wool Ingrains, "	.95	.75	" "	.68 .50
" "	.80	.60	" "	
" "	.85	.70	" "	

An extra discount of 10 per cent. will be made on all mattings purchased by the roll.

CARPET RUGS.

	Former Price.	Sale Price.		
2 All Wool Smyrna, 7x10 6 each	\$15.00	\$11.25	1 All Wool Smyrna, 9x12 26.00	\$10.00
" "	23.00	17.00	1 " " 9x9 13.50	11.25
1 All Wool " 9x12 23.00	17.00	1 " " 9x9 10.50	7.50	
1 " " 7x6x10 6 17.50 18.50	15.00	1 " " 4x7 6.50	5.00	
2 " " 7x6x1				